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Choice Poetry.

MAUD MULLER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a Summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from every tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked, and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues;

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on her heart and brain.

And oft, when the Summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love and law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich ripiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

Select Story.

CAPTURING THE CUTTER.

A REVOLUTIONARY SKETCH.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

At the time of which we write, there was an inlet on Tucker's Beach, called Brigantine Inlet. In 1800 this was closed up, and the sea formed another inlet, which exists to this day. There was no Tuckerton then. It was the Gaunt Farm at that time. The only settlement then was what was known as the "Middle-of-the-Shore," extending on each side of what was called Andrew's Mill Creek, the property originally belonging to Jacob Andrews, who settled there in the last year of the sixteenth century, and who had a mill. There were not a great many people; but they did a good business in lumber and cypress shingles, which they sent principally to New York and the West India Islands. During the Revolution, the place was a rendezvous for American Privateers, and these little sea-hornets annoyed the British shipping so much that an expedition was organized, with the "Zebra," and other ships of war, to break up "the den." There were several privateers lying there at the time; but they were warned by an express from General Washington, and escaped before the British came. Washington sent a force under Pulaski to meet the invaders; but they did not arrive until the enemy had done all the mischief. Part of Pulaski's men reached Osborn's Island, and there their picket-guard was surprised and massacred by the enemy. The invader did not escape without loss. In getting out, the "Zebra" grounded, and her own people burned her, to prevent her capture by the Americans.

There was one privateer that the enemy managed to take as she was coming in—the "Saucy Jack." She was Baltimore built, very fast, and armed with a long eighteen-pounder. The Admiral made her a tender to the flag-ship, added a couple of ten-pound carronades to her armament, and put a crew of eighteen men and a midshipman aboard, commanded by a master's mate. She became a regular nuisance to the place, sailing in every now and then, exploring the harbor, levying contributions of soft tack, vegetables and chickens, and then sailing out. The people would have liked to take her; but while the squadron was so near the place, the heavy private armed vessels avoided it.

There was a Quaker who lived not far from the beach, by the name of Ephraim Lippincott. He had the reputation of being a Tory in sympathy, principally because his son Obed, having engaged in one or two skirmishes with British foraging parties, had been disowned and reprimanded for violating the peace principles of the Friends. When the British parties visited there, they were always met with a warm welcome. But Ephraim was no Tory, after all—merely a prudent man, who tried to sail as close to the wind as possible. Obed, though he had been disowned, was always sure of quarters at home, when he chose to go; and he went there just after the last visit of the commander of the "Sea Wasp," as the "Saucy Jack" had been re-christened by her captors.

The father met him indifferently, but after dinner, called him out to the barn.

"Obed," he said, "I suppose thee's consorting with the Ridgeways and Willetts boys, and such idle, disloyal fellows, as usual."

"Well, father, I go with them occasionally, as thee knows; but they are very honest, hard-working young men, and good company."

"I wouldn't wonder, if thee knew and they knew that the "Sea Wasp" is coming back next Wednesday, they'd try to capture her. They are wicked enough."

"Shouldn't wonder, father," said Obed, sententiously. "But I don't see how they could do it."

"I've noticed that the master of the vessel always anchors right by the swamp, where the beach shelves off suddenly, and within a few yards of shore."

"So I perceive."

"Now, if there were blood-thirsty and wicked men who had brains to keep their bad purposes, and knew that she is coming on Wednesday afternoon, and knew that they are going to Shond's and round about to forage, and would leave the schooner weak-handed, they might—they are just bad enough—they might leave a couple of stout boats in among the reeds in the creek there, the night before."

"They might, father."

"They might go down armed at the same time, with enough to eat all day, and lie there; and the next morning, when the men came ashore, and got out of sight over the sand-hills to Shond's, they might, if they were as resolute as they are bad, take that vessel."

"They might, as thee says; and I have a notion they'll try."

"They may, Obed; but if they do, I hope they will use peaceable means. If they do try, as thee thinks they will, don't thee go. But if thee will, and thee's a headstrong boy, thee must go unarmed. Don't thee dare to take that rifle that thy Uncle Isaac brought from Virginia, and that hangs up in the garret, with a horn full of powder, and a pouch full of bullets and patches. I caution thee to let it alone."

"Certainly, father; just as thee says."

There were a dozen young men in the settlement, staunch Whigs—some fishermen, and all accustomed to the sea—who followed Obed's lead on all occasions. He summoned them quietly to meet him on Wednesday night, secretly, at the beach; and in the meanwhile he secured a couple of stout boats, with oars, and hid them away in the place indicated.

On Wednesday afternoon, near nightfall, the cutter came in and anchored, but no one came ashore. They kept a good watch; but the night was very dark, and their observation could not extend very far. Obed and his friends made their way through the swamp to the boats, and lay there quietly all night.

Next morning at daylight, there was a whistle heard from the cutter, and two boats were let down, into which there tumbled, to the great delight of the concealed Whigs, fourteen men, armed with cutlasses and muskets, with the master's mate and midshipman commanding in separate boats.

This would leave the boatswain, three men, and a boy on board. Obed kept watch, the others lying close down, and saw the boats land. They all disembarked, leaving the boats in charge of two men, and not sending them back. They evidently intended to return in a short time, and no time was to be lost. So soon as the main party had disappeared behind the sand-hills, Obed and Willetts, covering the two men who were seated on the bows of the boats, where they were drawn up on the beach, fired. One of the men fell dead, and the other mortally wounded. Obed and Willetts floundered through the marsh to where the men lay, and, without paying any attention to the wounded man, quickly stove holes in the bottoms of the boats, while the rest of the men rowed in sight. One of their own boats took them on board, and they made for the cutter.

But the people on the cutter were not idle, meanwhile. They disengaged a carronade, ran it out of a porthole, and prepared to fire. The boats, by previous understanding, separated, one circling north and the other south, and the shot missed both. Before another gun could be aimed, the cutter was boarded at bow and stern.

The noise of the firing caused the main party to retrace their steps, and they came back in a hurry to the landing-place, where they found their boats unfit for use—not, however, until they had pushed them off, and the water poured in on them. Willetts, in the meanwhile, after the prisoners were secured, ran to the magazine, brought up some grape and canister, loaded the Long Tom, and trailed it directly upon the party in the water. The shot from that and one of the carronades did fearful execution, and the few survivors that were unwounded ran up the beach to the nearest house, where they sheltered themselves, and ultimately surrendered. Five had been killed outright, and eight severely wounded, three of them mortally.

The cutter had been won; but to keep it, was another matter. There was no crew to man it, even if it could be got to sea through the squadron. As soon as the news of its capture was known, or when some time had elapsed after its absence, there would be powerful boats' crews sent for it, perhaps one of the smaller vessels. So, after consultation, it was agreed to cut the rigging, remove the masts, and sink the vessel in the deepest hole in the harbor, to be raised on a suitable opportunity. This was soon done, after taking the movable property ashore, previously filling the barrels of the Long Tom and carronades with all the melted beeswax that could be had in the neighborhood, and then storing them in the hold. Then the prisoners were carried off by their captors over the country, and safely lodged in Philadelphia.

In three days a British force came, as had been expected, and they made things lively. They burned down a number of farm-houses, Lippincott's among the number; but the inhabitants, except those of known loyal sentiments, kept at a reasonable distance from harm. Every boat upon the beach for miles the British destroyed.

In about a year's time, Obed, Willetts, and some of the rest came back, got up a crew, raised the cutter, and found her in good order. The cannons were rusted some on the outside, but the beeswax had preserved the inside smooth. They remasted and rigged her, cut the wasp figure-head off, replaced it by the rudely carved figure of a snake, rechristened her the "Rattler," and one dark, stormy night, got off to sea with her, having obtained letters of marque, and ran down to the West Indies, where they took ample revenge for the burning of the Middle-of-the-Shore. In fact, with the prizes they took, the master and crew shared quite a small fortune at the close of the war. The "Rattler" was disarmed when peace came, and embarked in a quieter business, carrying shingles and pine boards along the coast for many years.

Curious Coincidence.—Fate sometimes allows two lives to run in singularly close channels. Williams and Belknap were neighbors in Iowa. Both these were obscure lawyers. When Williams went to Oregon he left his legal business in Belknap's care. Twenty years after the two men found themselves sitting side by side in the Cabinet. Both were forced out of the Cabinet by the intrigues of their wives. Another remarkable case exists in the Senate. Ingalls, of Kansas, and Hitchcock, of Nebraska, were classmates at Williams College; on matriculation day they first met, one coming from New York State, the other from Massachusetts. On graduation day, after four years' companionship, they separated. One went to the new State of Kansas; the other to the Territory of Nebraska, both young and ambitious. To-day they are sitting together in the Senate Chamber.

Peter Thompson, of Cincinnati, advertised that he would pay $20 for the return of his stolen overcoat and ask no questions, and the thief found that, although Mr. Thompson did not question him, a policeman was in waiting to arrest him.

Miscellany.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S SLEEP.

The schoolmaster was weary,
Was weary, old and gray;
And heaviness came o'er him,
Upon that Summer day.—

A heaviness of spirit,
And nameless sense of pain,
He struggled hard to banish,
But struggled all in vain.

The drowsy school-room murmur
He heard, and, in his trance,
He knew his school were watching
His face with stealthy glance.

He knew, and, for a moment,
He roused himself again,
To battle off the stupor
That crushed his weary brain.

In vain, for with the effort,
His head dropped on his breast,
His breath came faint and fainter,
And soon he sank to rest.

And then arose an uproar!
And boundless was the glee
Among these little scholars,
The schoolmaster to see.

And all the little urchins
And maidens shout for joy;
And, with tears of laughter,
Cry, what a funny boy! (the dunce.)

An hour now was passing,
And still the master slept,
And greater grew the tumult
These little scholars kept—

Until a little maiden,
Who watched the haggard face,
With grave concern and wonder,
Stole softly from her place—

Stole softly to the master,
And gently touched his head,
And started back in terror—
The schoolmaster was dead!

REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

The Declaration of Independence—Battle of Long Island.

The response of the English King and his subservient Parliament to the spirited conduct of the citizens of New England and elsewhere, was haughty and threatening. It left them no alternative but degrading submission to Parliamentary legislation and taxation, or war to the bitter end. But so strong were the sympathies of the people of England with the Americans, that the King saw little prospect of obtaining enough native soldiers to fight against their American kindred. Hence he hired the mercenary troops of the needy German Princes. He was obstinately resolved to carry on the war with such powerful forces as would, in his opinion, speedily make the patriots glad to accept peace on his own terms.

When this purpose became clear to our patriot leaders, then, and not till then, the Continental Congress nobly resolved to issue a Declaration of Independence. The members knew that the deed was treason in the eyes of England's haughty rulers, and that its penalty, if followed by the defeat of its armies, was the halter. Nevertheless, they grandly rose to the height of the sacrifice that might be required, and calmly, deliberately, accepted for themselves and fellow-countrymen the alternative of "liberty or death." It was on the second day of July, 1776, that they adopted this sublime resolution. Thomas Jefferson then drafted that famous Declaration of Independence which so eloquently sets forth the foundation principles of our national institutions, and which "was the genuine effusion of the soul of the country at that time." After full discussion, this imperishable document was finally agreed to, authenticated by the signatures of the President and Secretary, and published to the world on the fourth of July—"the day subsequently chosen by the nation as its great anniversary." This "great State paper" was subsequently engrossed on parchment, and on the nineteenth of the month was signed by every member of Congress.

This decisive act of Congress sent a mighty thrill of patriotic joy throughout the land. The people everywhere received the news with loud huzzas, beat of drum, and brilliant illuminations. Colony after colony speedily "joined in supporting it at the risk of their lives and fortunes," and the popular feeling was well expressed by the jubilant soldiers at Ticonderoga, when, with flashing eyes and exalted mien, they exclaimed: "Now we are a free people, and have a name among the States of the earth!"

Whether these rejoicings were the mere froth of superficial sentiment, or the genuine out-pourings of earnest souls inspired by grand principles, was to be soon determined. Even at that moment the hired legions of England were gathering in Canada and landing on Staten Island. Her war-ships, defying the fire of the forts, had already ascended the Hudson river. Very soon, if our army, then stationed on Long Island and in New York, should fail to overcome Lord Howe's well appointed force in the impending battle, New York City would be under British rule. Then the victorious English would march into the interior to meet the army of Canada, sweeping down from the North. The raw levies of the patriots would thus be crushed and scattered, New England, the hot-bed of this Revolution, separated from the middle colonies, and the war speedily ended. So reasoned the King of England's military commanders; and, judging by the light of the world's previous history, their opinion that, thus situated, the patriots were "playing a desperate game," was by no means to be despised.

The first great battle of our new-born nation was destined to be fought on Long Island. Congress had ordered Washington to defend New York. He had, therefore, distributed the seventeen thousand half-armed, inexperienced, and miserably officered men under his command partly in that city, and partly within fortified lines in Brooklyn. To hold Brooklyn Heights was to command New York. It was possible, however, that the British, having both a powerful fleet and an army of some thirty thousand men, might choose to land in the upper part of the latter city. For this reason he could not spare more than eight thousand men for the defense of Long Island. This force entrenched itself behind lines extending from Wallabout Bay to Gowanus Cove—a distance of a mile and a half—and which were defended by twenty cannon, mounted on several redoubts. Thes lines were protected in front by ditches and felled trees. Part of our troops were posted, under Sullivan, on a ridge of high wooded ground, which ran across the island in the vicinity of Bedford. General Greene, who designed the lines, being unfortunately sick, the chief command was given to Putnam.

On August 22, 1776, the British, covered by their fleet, landed without opposition in Gravesend Bay. By the 25th they had twenty thousand men, thoroughly disciplined and most completely equipped, ready to advance upon the raw, half-armed patriots. Their plan of attack was to march by three lines: one body, under Grant, was to take a road running along the coast to Gowanus; another, composed of Hessians, was to march from Flatbush along the direct road to Brooklyn; the main body, led by Clinton and Cornwallis, was to make a detour to the right, march by the Jamaica road to Bedford, and thus turn the left of the American outposts.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 27th, Grant's column drove in our pickets on the coast road. Putnam ordered Gen. Stirling to advance beyond the lines and repulse the enemy—a rash, and, as it proved, a fatal command, Grant's force being four times larger than Stirling's little band. But, notwithstanding his superiority, Grant did nothing but skirmish until Cornwallis advanced on Stirling's rear.

The actual fighting was begun by the Hessians, who, advancing by the direct road, attacked Sullivan. He, as stated above, was posted on the wooded heights of the ridge near Bedford. His men, nervous from the beginning, soon broke and fled, for they found themselves attacked, not only in front by the Hessians, but in the rear also by the main body of the British, which, by a night march, had threaded the unguarded pass through the Bedford hills, and were now swarming behind Sullivan's redoubt in vast numbers. No wonder that our men, thus overpowered, fled toward their own lines, fighting desperately in a countless series of single combats. Many of them fell, but more were captured. Among the latter was Sullivan.

The thunder of Cornwallis' cannon presently told Grant that the time had come for him to advance and press our force, led by Stirling. He did so; but the latter maintained their ground with a bravery rarely equalled, never excelled, until the approach of the British main body rendered their success impossible. Then the chivalrous Stirling, in the loftiest spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism, ordered all but five companies of brave Marylanders to retreat to their lines as best they could, while he and his forlorn hope "flew at the advancing host with unparalleled bravery." Washington, witnessing this act of sublime courage from within his lines, wrung his hands in agony, and exclaimed: "My God! What brave men must I this day lose!"

For ten minutes Stirling maintained this hopeless conflict. At length, when surrounded by the foe, he and his noble band fled to the woods, where they were cut to pieces or captured. Only nine of these heroic Marylanders succeeded in reaching our lines.

The victorious English now approached our works. They were met by such a fire of cannon and musketry, however, that they took counsel of their discretion, and thereby escaped a repetition of their experience at Bunker Hill. They quickly retired beyond the range of musketry, and their generals set about planning measures to attack our lines by means of gradual approaches with artillery.

Knowing that the British would certainly invest his position with their fleet, and starve, if they could not force him to submission, Washington wisely resolved to remove his suffering, half-starved forces from Brooklyn as soon as possible.

Having formed this perilous purpose, he executed it with consummate skill. Providence favored his plans, by sending heavy winds and drenching rains for the next two days. This bad weather, together with the indolent tardiness of the epicurean Lord Howe, prevented the English from energetically pushing their intended works, and kept their fleet at anchor. With wonderful secrecy, Washington caused every available vessel in New York harbor to be at the landing at Brooklyn after dark, on the evening of the 29th. Then, with prompt decision, he made regiment after regiment march, with stealthy steps and hushed voices, to the shore. The wind, which was high and contrary at first, died down, and became favorable after eleven o'clock. His brave boatmen toiled all night long, unheard and unseen by the English sentinels. About daybreak a dense fog spread over the scene, as if sent by Providence to protect our cause, like a pillar of cloud in the rear of ancient Israel's army; and by seven o'clock the last of that army of eight or nine thousand men left the shore.

Not a serviceable gun, not a wagon load of ammunition, was left behind. Not a man was lost, except three vagabonds who had tarried in search of plunder. Washington himself was among the last to leave the landing.

Great was the astonishment of the British at about ten o'clock, to find that their defeated prey had escaped from their grasp. No doubt they counted themselves victors. Nevertheless, in view of their immense superiority in numbers, in supplies, in discipline, in everything that contributes to conquest, there was little cause for boasting, either in the fighting of the 27th, or the retreat which followed it.

They had killed and wounded 250 Americans. They had captured 750 more. But their success had cost them 346 killed and wounded men. It had also taught them to respect the courage of the men they had to conquer, and to comprehend the fact that their trained generals had been outwitted by the consummate skill of Washington. Gen. Greene remarked with truth, "Considering the difficulties, the retreat from Long Island was the best effected retreat I ever read or heard of."—*Daniel Wise, D. D.*

AN INTERESTING BIT OF PERSONAL HISTORY.

A paragraph has been published all over the country to the effect that Blaine and Conkling have not spoken together since a famous passage at arms with each other when they were both members of the House of Representatives. Few people, however, have taken the trouble to remember the details of this famous exchange of chin-music, and so we revive them.

The row was in two sections. On April 24, 1866, Mr. Conkling made a violent attack on Gen. Fry, Provost Marshal General during the war. Blaine defended Fry, and Conkling thereupon bounced Blaine in a very lofty, and indeed imperial manner. Blaine waited a few days, and then brought in a letter from Gen. Fry, charging Conkling with having held the office of member of Congress and Judge Advocate, and drawing pay as both. Blaine said this was in violation of the law. Conkling defended himself and climbed upon his high horse, and said Blaine's opinion was nothing to him, but stigmatized Blaine's language as "impertinent, and having nothing to do with the question." To this Blaine rejoined in the following language:

"As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting; his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overwhelming turkey-gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the members of the House, that I know that it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for all this. I know that, within the last few weeks, as members of the House will recollect, an extra strut has characterized the gentleman's bearing. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted satirical writer, Theodore Tilton, of the New York *Independent*, spent some weeks recently in this city. His letters published in that paper embraced, with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter Davis had fallen upon the member from New York. The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. The resemblance is great. It is striking. Hyperian to Satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dung-hill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire!"—*Topeka Commonwealth.*

If You Have Tears to Shed.

One of the sweetest, touchingest, most pathetic things we ever did see, says the Philadelphia *Ledger*, is the following heart-narrative of Olive Logan's description of a scene at the White House. It is hard to choose between the male and female toady, but perhaps the last variety of the species is least agreeable to the well regulated mind. Here is Miss Logan's powerful appeal to the hearts of her countrymen:

"What a picture could Dickens have drawn of this young wife robbed of her husband by the necessities of his profession; for Col. Grant is on the plains and his girl-wife here! We would with the greatest pleasure weep tears of sympathy for fictitious personages in this romantic situation. 'You must miss your husband very much,' I said to the young wife. She bowed her head in reply and cast her eyes downward. 'He was away all Summer, too, and I felt it so greatly then—just as I do now. I know,' she said in the tenderest voice in the world, 'that a soldier's wife should be braver about absence than I am. But I am trying hard to be strong!'"

It really does seem a pity about "Mrs. Fred. Grant." If any army officer of late has had a harder time of it than the President's son, the country does not know of it. Gen. Babcock's trials have at certain periods appeared overwhelming, but he had not latterly "married a wife," and could endure the isolation of Washington with a better grace. The "necessities of the profession" in Col. Grant's case are indeed terrific; they fairly appal the imagination. And what a tearful touch is that of the poor deserted soldier's wife "trying to be strong!" Miss Logan's beautiful tribute should be sent to all our boys in blue; for our own part, it has been long since we have read anything that has so touched our best feelings.

Several jealous women predicted that Mrs. Belknap would be shuffling around a kitchen in No. 3 shoes for comfort, but we hear of $30,000 "takes" occasionally, and she may be able to loll about the parlor in silk Balbrigans and No. 1½'s for some months yet.—*Chicago Times.*

A man in Peoria claims to have a stone that Washington threw at a wood-pecker on his father's cherry tree.

LEILA GREY.

A BALLAD.

The tassels wave upon the birch:
The maple blushes o'er the stream;
And through the oriel of the church,
I see the May-moon's yellow beam.
Oh, here upon this moss-green wall,
Another year, another May,
I saw this same sweet moonlight fall
On me and Leila Grey!

Cold lay her languid hand in mine—
Pale, pale her face beside me shone;
"Sweet Leila Grey, as I am thine,
Say, say that thou art all mine own!"
She smiled—she sighed, "Behold," she said,
"Where, from the church-tower darkly thrown,
The shadow of the cross lies spread
By yon sepulchral stone.

"There, ere the May-moon comes again,
The hand that presses thine will lie;
Before the reaper cuts the grain,
The death-mist will o'er-cloud my eye.
But, oh, dear Willie! do not weep,
For I am weary, weary here!
And fain beneath yon cross would sleep,
Before another year!

But when another May returns,
And through the oriel of the church
The golden moon-light dimly burns,
And lights the tassels of the birch;
When yonder maple, by the tower,
Stands blushing like a virgin bride,
Oh, come, dear Willie, at this hour,
And seat thee by my side!"

Sweet Leila! I obey thy call;
The May-moon lights the tasseled birch,
And I upon the moss-grown wall,
Am sitting near the gray old church.
The shadow of the cross is thrown,
Where gleams a marble tablet now—
'Twas all the same, twelve months agone—
But, Leila, where art thou?

WHITLEY.

As a Hash-Slinger, Slave-Catcher, and Detective.

Now that the immortal Whitley is testifying to what he knows, what he has done, and who helped him, it may be proper to tell our readers that he was once an "old settler," barring the fact that he never was much settled anywhere.

Col. Whitley, so long the Chief Detective of the United States, came to Lawrence in the spring of 1857. We believe his first adventure when here was with a barrel of beer in a cellar, just opposite the Ludington (formerly Eldridge) House, where he distributed this beverage to thirsty denizens, at ten cents a glass. On his arrival, before his beer speculation, he boarded with Mr. E. A. Colman, now of Kanwaka, but he soon after left town, and went to Missouri, and while he was there his wife came, a very intelligent, smart young lady, and after hunting all over the then rude village, and being unable to find him, she at last heard of him through Mr. Colman, and accepted of his hospitality till his return.

The noted detective was originally from Kirtland, Ohio, and those who knew him when a boy, say that he was full of sharp tricks, always getting boys into difficulty.

His capacity was at one time displayed as a spiritualist. He professed to become a medium, and could bring the raps with more dexterity than the old experts. The spiritualists flocked around the young medium, and were enthusiastic over his wonderful developments. He brought up Henry Clay, Gen. Jackson, Geo. Washington, John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, and all the noted dead statesman, and had them talk to the living, so that they recognized their very voices. It soon broke out that the medium was an impostor, and then the spiritualists' indignation was only equalled by the sport afforded to the unbelieving world.

In the summer, the great Paola and Osawkee land sales came off. As he was an active fellow, and a good talker, Colman went into partnership with him, furnishing the capital, and started a restaurant in a big tent at Paola. In this business Colman kept the money, and they took it in "hand over fist," making in the few days which the land sales lasted about $150 each. No sooner was the land sale over at Paola than they opened at Osawkee, and the portable restaurant of Colman & Whitley was speedily transferred to Osawkee, where their business was very similar to that at Paola. At each of these United States land sales there must have been at least 3,000 people. Whitley was just in his element, crying, "Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to cook for you, for fifty cents." But Colman avers to this day that that notable firm was always running to destruction when Whitley carried the purse.

Mr. Colman next opened a grocery and provision store, and employed Whitley to lay in the provisions, which were nearly all brought from Missouri. He took a team and traveled among the farmers, purchasing apples, peaches, plums, potatoes, beets, etc. He had a wonderful facility for being all things to all men. He could be an abolitionist in Lawrence, his big heart swelling to bursting for the wrongs of the slave—and he could sigh like a furnace for the poor, panting fugitive; when in Missouri he could swing a bowie knife, and breathe death and destruction to the "nigger thief" who would dare to lift his hand for the rescue of a slave from bondage.

Colman was an anti-slavery man, and he soon began to lose confidence in Whitley, as well as money, and he soured on him. The next thing he did was to open a high-toned restaurant, just south of where Liberty Hall now stands. He had it fitted up in good style for the times, in a small one-story frame building. He put up a partition, with a small cuby-hole open to the kitchen, had cards printed city like, and as the hash-slingers passed dish after dish, Whitley stood with the air of a lord, crying the order, "Ham and eggs for two," "Porter-house steak for one," "Soup for four," "Pork and beans for one." No country landlord ever put on more style than this caterer to the hungry throng who crowded Whitley's restaurant.

But misfortune came upon this Kansas adventurer, and his life was endangered. Old John Brown passed through with his rescued slaves. His detective qualities began to develop, and he looked with yearning toward the three thousand dollars which were offered for the capture of the Hero of Osawatomie; but Old John bristled with too many bowie knives and Sharpe's rifles for him to venture on his capture. It was not long after, however, that Dr. John Doy started out from Lawrence with five or six slaves. Whitley put his detective or deceptive qualities in force at once. His sympathetic, philanthropic heart beat in unison with those of Doy, Charley Stearns, Ingersoll, and their compeers in the abolition of slavery. He ingratiated himself in their confidence, subscribed and paid five dollars to the "friends of freedom," gave any amount of advice, and soon became familiar with all their plans. As Doy moved out of Lawrence, Whitley moved for Lecompton, the pro-slavery headquarters, on a fleet horse. It is said that his five dollars was a part of one hundred dollars furnished him from the slave owners and pro-slavery men to betray and capture Doy. Be that as it may, he led a party from Lecompton, overtook Doy up on Buck creek, not over a dozen miles from Lawrence, took the slaves, captured Doy, and carried him and his son Charlie over to St. Joseph, where, by some means, the boy was released, but Doy was tried, convicted, and sentenced to five years in the Missouri penitentiary.

The rescue of Dr. Doy is familiar to all Kansas men of that period; but it may be interesting to repeat it. After Dr. Doy was sentenced, it was determintd to rescue him from the St. Joseph jail, and a party of twelve was organized here for that purpose. They consisted of Major J. B. Abbott, S. J. Willis, J. A. Pike, W. L. G. Soule, Tom. Simmons, Stewart and others, whose names we cannot now recall. This party proceeded to St. Joe, dispersed themselves over the city, ascertained all possible about the situation, managed to get notice to Doy by strategy, and then fixing up one of their number in the role of a horse-thief, went to the jail to get the "thief" taken care of.

This "thief" had his hands apparently tightly drawn together by a heavy leather thong, like the rawhide usually used by Indians for lariats, but at the end of it, tightly grasped in the hollow of his hand, was a piece of lead, shaped like a hen's egg, and about that size, the whole answering as a very effective sling-shot. At first, the jailor refused to take the "thief," referring them to the keeper of the city calaboose; but on them assuring him that he was a desperate fellow, and that they had a dreadful struggle in capturing him, and their appearance seemed to verify their assertions, the jailor admitted them inside the hall of the jail with their "thief." As he opened a cell door, the "thief" swore that that was a cell "where they kept niggers, and he would not go among niggers." The jailor replied that that was the cell where the abolitionist, Doy, was, whereupon one of the party stuck a revolver to his head, and demanded Doy's release upon the penalty of instant death. Doy was brought forth. Then telling the jailor he should not be harmed unless he made an outcry, and that they would leave a guard around the jail till morning, the rescuing party departed, rushed to a boat which they had prepared on the Missouri river, and were twenty miles on their way to Lawrence by daylight.

Of course, after this transaction, there was an "unpleasantness" toward Whitley around Lawrence. The "abolitionists" were disposed to make it hot for him. He became disgusted with Lawrence, and fled to the region of Pike's Peak, whither he carried a lot of goods, and there he kept a store. A year or so afterwards he returned to Lawrence. Doy and his friends—his coadjutors, for he never had any friends—"went for him." They found his boarding place in a private family, and sent him word they wanted him, but he refused to go. A party went to the house, but they were repulsed and ordered out; but afterward a larger party attempted to burst the door in, when the proprietor fired upon them, and they fled.

But Whitley was compelled to leave the country. He got out of town, and was concealed for several days about two miles from Lawrence, as it was supposed that he was being shadowed; and there is no doubt but if Doy and his party could have got hold of him, the Government would have fell short one detective. From here he went East, for a time became a curb-stone broker in New York, and finally, the war coming on, made himself generally active, if not useful, in Government service.

It is but just to Whitley to say that in these transactions and deceptions he developed the traits of a detective. He deceived and betrayed the abolitionists, and that deception was necessary to his object.

It may be further set down as a noble trait of character, that he never forgot his friend who saved his life, even by greatly risking his own. The defence of Whitley was a true heroism, which won Whitley's admiration and everlasting gratitude; and when he became Chief Detective of the United States, he voluntarily sent this friend an appointment as an assistant. Whitley was brave, fearless, and true to his friends as a detective could be.—*Lawrence (Kas.) Tribune.*

AN ARMY IN ITS SHIRT-TAIL.

How Nelson's Men Crossed Duck River, on the way to Shiloh.

Gen. William Nelson commanded the Fourth Division of Buell's army. He had been a naval officer, and his tyranny and harshness caused his men to dislike him at first. But, as the march southward took the troops into the enemy's country, the soldierly perceptions and instincts of the old general, as well as his stern sense of duty and pride in his command, won for him respect, and a strange sort of feeling that was almost affection.

Nelson was a strict disciplinarian, and always moved, or went into camp, or left camp, as if in the presence of the enemy. He superintended, early every morning, the formation of line of battle; was on his horse at the first bugle-blast, and rode down the line like a hurricane, expecting every man, officer as well as private, to be in his place, and ready for duty. Men, under this training, became unconsciously alert, and emphatic in action. It was a standing joke that Nelson's division could "tumble out" quicker than any other. Nelson was particular and exacting as to little things, which seemed trifling until the men realized, in their first battle, that all had constituted a part of their training for battle. The realization that their commander had seen with clearer vision than they, and that he had compelled them to do what was best, caused the men to turn with rare trust to the Old Stormer, and to become rather proud of his oddities and his obtrusive individuality. He was a thorough soldier, and was terribly in earnest, and they knew it.

On the march southward from Nashville, Buell's advance was delayed by the destruction of the bridge across Duck River. Nelson fretted under the delay, protested against it, and finally volunteered to put his division across without a bridge, if he were allowed the advance. Permission was given for him to cross, and he issued one of the queerest military orders on record. This was read to the troops in the morning, and was in substance like this: The men will march to the river, fix bayonets and stack arms. They will then take off their pants, blouses and accoutrements, putting all in a bundle, which will be placed on the bayonet. They will then take arms, and, with bundles on the bayonets as ordered, will wade the river in their shirts and drawers. Officers will see that there is no confusion, and that, on reaching the farther bank, the men dress quickly and march rapidly forward to restore the circulation.

Imagine the looks of 8,000 or 10,000 men as this order was read to them on a cool, bright Spring morning. They marched down to the river; they undressed to their shirts; and in view of the entire population of Columbia, men, women and children, they, with cheers and shouts, and jokes, and laughs, plunged into the cold water. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme; but in not very many hours the entire division was marching southward. It kept the advance during the interval between that date and the battle of Shiloh.

During the march, Nelson was fuming and storming about slowness; and, early on the morning of the first attack on Grant's forces at Pittsburg Landing, had hurried his troops into line and had marched southward on his own responsibitity. Men remember to this day the face of Nelson on that march. His mutterings were of impending danger; and, when his ear caught the sound of artillery, he urged the men to greater efforts. When Grant's messenger met him, his men were hurrying forward; and when Carson outlined the situation, Nelson thundered out: "We know it, sir, and we are moving. Carry your message to those behind us."

After this, the men saw Nelson at his best. He dropped his offensively arrogant manner; he spoke tenderly, almost gushingly, of the army in front, and of the honor of the old flag; and, when his first brigade had crossed the Tennessee, and he came on foot (his horse could not be taken in the boat crowded with men), his tones and words were such as to instill a new courage into their hearts, and to call out a new devotion to their bluff old leader. He called the men gentlemen, did not swear once, and his ever ready "Gotohellsir" was forgotten. History tells how the division went into battle, and how well they did their duty; but the strong individuality of Nelson, his prescience, energy and readiness were better illustrated by the crossing of Duck River than by his splendid battle record. He understood the needs of the hour, and met them with a rude, imperious emphasis that compelled admiration. Had his men not waded Duck River in their shirts, Buell's army would not have been within call to turn the tide at Shiloh.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Singular Death.

Sam. Ryan, an itinerant and intemperate banjo picker, who used to gain a precarious living by titillating catgut for drinks and sandwiches in this and neighboring towns, perished in a singular manner, the other day, near Fort Union, New Mexico. He undertook to cross an aroya, and, being too drunk to walk, fell and was soon buried under the white sand, which was drifting badly before a strong wind. Thus he was literally buried alive and smothered to death. When found only one foot was projecting from under the sand. Ryan was recently following his occupation of banjo-playing in Las Animas, and, going on a drunken spree, and making himself disagreeable and obnoxious, he was held up on an auction block and sold to the highest bidder. The first bid was 10 cents, which was increased to 50, when a kind-hearted ranchman, seeing a speculation in Ryan if he could only be got sober, offered 75 cents, and the poor inebriate was "knocked down" to him. He soon after sobered up, and took passage on a bull-train for New Mexico.—*Denver News.*

In 1868 George Francis Train predicted that the Bank of California would collapse in a single day, and he was nearly mobbed.

THE GRAY COAT UNDER THE BLUE.

Will the soldier, too brave to desert or deceive,
Who returned from the war with an empty sleeve,
True as steel to the war-torn standard of stars,
Whose diploma of honor is written in scars,
Stand square on his crutches, and vote at the polls
For the man whom the will of the rebel controls?
Not while the day shines, or night brings the dew,
Will he vote for the gray coat under the blue!

The chain of the slave has been broken, and he,
No longer a chattel, is human and free.
He has hope in his heart, and a freeman's right;
The baptism of blood made his charter white.
The ballot he holds in his ebony hand,
Is sought by the chiefs and the "lords of the land;"
But the negro sees, where the bullets passed through,
That the rebel gray coat is worn under the blue!

Our free land is at peace with all the round world,
Our flag is unchallenged wherever unfurled,
Our nation from bondage has broken away,
And we owe not a debt that we cannot pay.
Shall we turn our triumphs grand into defeat?
Now the battle is won, shall we fly in retreat?
We will stand by our flag, ever faithful and true,
Undeceived by the gray coat under the blue!

The flag of the foe has been trailed in the dust,
The sword in its scabbard is eaten with rust,
The musket is silent, and hangs in eclipse,
Where the spiders have woven a web on its lips.
The birds have built nests in the cannon's cold throat;
No longer disfranchised, the rebel can vote,
And we hold out our hands to all men that are true,
Who wear not the gray coat under the blue!

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The Fourteenth of April, 1776—Washington's Arrival and Work.

One hundred years ago to-day Gen. Washington arrived in New York, coming by way of Providence, Norwich, and New London, and transferring his headquarters from Boston to this city. Gen. Charles Lee had been here since the 4th of February, and had done much toward fortifying the city, erecting batteries up the Hudson and East rivers as far as Houston Street, and throwing up entrenchments at Gowanus and on Governor's Island. Sir Henry Clinton had looked in on the city and sailed away again with his squadron, and it was not until July 9, that Gen. Howe landed his troops on Staten Island. The aggregate American force in this city and vicinity was 10,000 men, of whom only 8,000 were fit for duty. These troops were without pay, and many had neither uniforms nor arms.

When Washington first came to the city he made his headquarters at the De Peyster Mansion, 180 Pearl Street, opposite Cedar—a part of which was standing until quite recently. There he remained until May 23, when he went to Philadelphia on a summons to confer with Congress. Returning, he went to the Kennedy House at 1 Broadway, where he remained until the city was evacuated in September. There were no holidays then at headquarters. Gen. Washington writes of himself:

"I give in to no kind of amusements myself, and consequently those about me can have none, but are confined from morning until evening, hearing and answering applications and letters."

Though Mrs. Washington and the wives of the other Generals were here, there was little social intercourse. The wealthy people of this city were nearly all loyalists, and would rather have welcomed Howe than Washington. "We all live here," writes a lady of New York, "like nuns shut up in a nunnery. No society in the town, for there are none to visit; neither can we go out after a certain hour without the countersign." Another correspondent writes: "When you are informed that New York is deserted by its old inhabitants, and filled with soldiers from New England, Philadelphia, Jersey, &c., you will naturally conclude the environs of it are not very safe from so undisciplined a multitude as our provincials are represented to be; but I do believe there are very few instances of so great a number of men together, with so little mischief done by them. They have all the simplicity of ploughmen in their manners, and seem quite strangers to the vices of older soldiers."

As Gen. Green, was one day passing through the Commons (now the City Hall Park) he saw a youthful soldier training a provincial company of artillery. The boyish captain was only twenty years old, but he was full of fire and vigor, and showed no little knowledge of military science. Greene stopped, admired, and invited him to his quarters, subsequently giving him an introduction to the commander-in-chief. The boy soldier was Alexander Hamilton. Every New Yorker knows his subsequent story.

New York at this time was a Tory city. Its leading men generally thought it was safer to adhere to the King. Its business interests were averse to change. The Committee of Safety had opposed the entrance of the Continental troops, and had advised that they be kept within the limits of Connecticut. Lee had assured them that he would respect their wishes, but at the same time added:

"If the British ships of war are quiet, I shall be quiet; but I declare solemnly that if they made a pretext of my presence to fire on the town, the first house set in flames by their guns shall be the funeral pile of some of their best friends."

In a letter to Washington the fiery Virginia soldier said that he found the provincial Congress of New York "wofully hysterical." The Committee of One Hundred, organized the year before, embraced not only all the leading patriots of the city, but some who afterward became decided Tories. Isaac Low was Chairman of the Committee, and its leading members were John Jay, John Alsop, Philip Livingston, James Duane, Isaac Roosevelt, Samuel Verplanck, John Morton, Leonard Lispenard, Nicholas Hoffman, John Broome, Nicholas Bogart, Alexander McDougal, John Lasher, James Beekman, John Morin Scott, Comfort Sands, John Lamb, Peter Goelet, and James Desbrosses.—*N. Y. Sun, April 14.*

Admission to the Centennial.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes, March 27: General Hawley and other Centennial people are here, and are discussing the price of admission to the Exhibition, and the highly important question whether they shall issue free tickets to anybody. The noble "deadhead" begins to press for recognition, and is an embarrassing object. Considering the number of persons who will demand free passes, it is said that the Commissioners feel that they ought to charge the paying part of the public fifty cents for each admission, but there is some reason to believe that if there were absolutely no "deadheads" the people could be admitted at twenty-five cents a head. One of the Commissioners asked some members of the press to-day whether it was supposed the press would demand to be "dead-heads," and was decidedly and promptly answered "No." But he was evidently not convinced, and thought that the popularity of the Exhibition would be imperiled unless there was a formidable array of "deadheads." If the Commissioners were encouraged by the press to cut off absolutely all free admissions there is little doubt that they would feel themselves warranted in charging only twenty-five cents admission, and printing and selling only one kind of tickets, with no half fares or any other distinction. This is undoubtedly high enough. No one will be satisfied with one visit; a great proportion of the visitors will wish to bring their families and will extend their visit over three or four days, and the tax which they will pay from repeated visits will sufficiently swell the bill of admission, even at twenty-five cents.

On February 20th, died in the public hospital of Milan, Leo Comnenus, Prince of Lusignan, a descendant of the Kings of Cyprus and Jerusalem, several of whose ancestors sat on the throne of Constantinople. As recently as twenty years ago, this unfortunate man was still in possession of a small Principality on the border of Khorasat, but he was deprived of his birthright by Russia. His circumstances became more and more desperate, and at last he died in a common hospital, leaving—as though he had been nothing more than an improvident bricklayer—a widow and six small children quite unprovided for.

New York *Herald's* "p, i," man: Senator Ingalls believes that man originally went on all fours. He was convinced of this fact, one morning, when the lather was running down into his eyes, and he was feeling around the floor for a towel.

Mark Twain once resided at Jackass Hill, Missouri. And now look at him!